DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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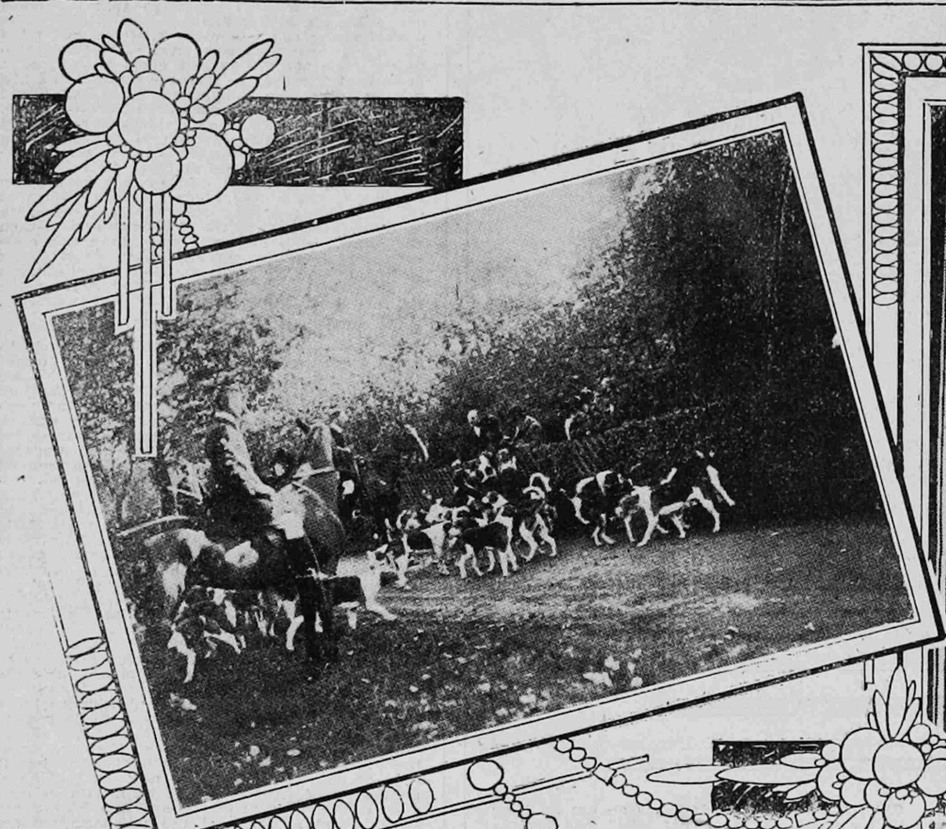
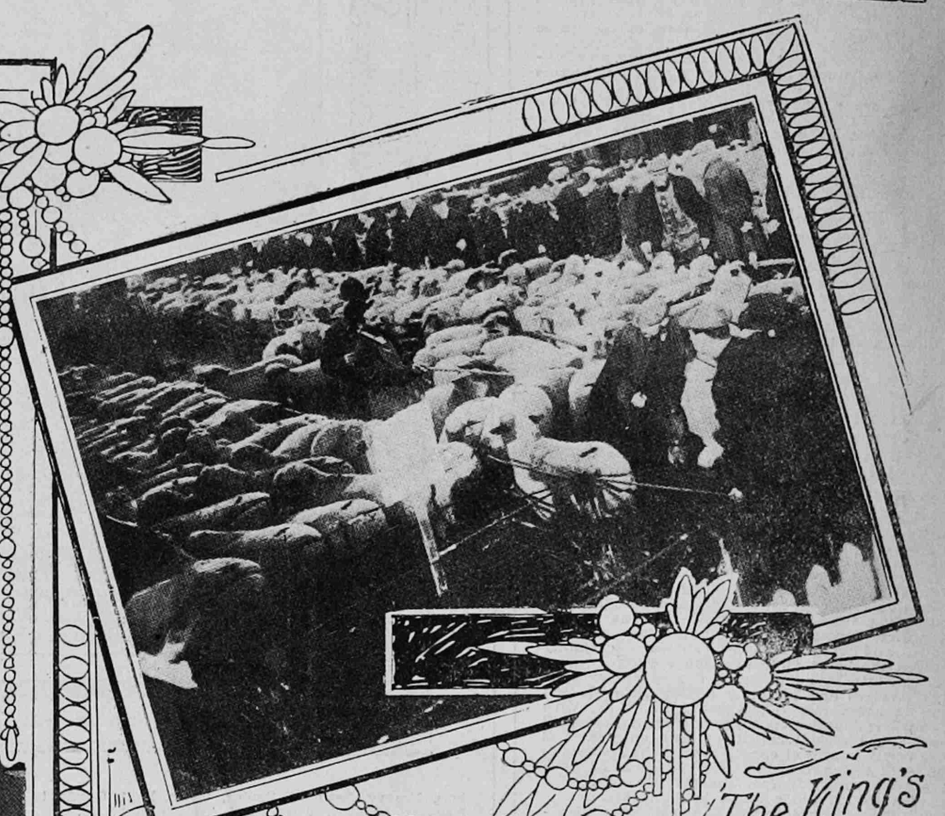


Inspecting The Royal Kennels.

King Edward as A Farmer.



The King's Fat Stock.

One of "The Three Graces" Becomes Lady Greville

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Charles Greville awoke the other morning to find herself Lady Greville. It was a telegram from her husband who had been hastily summoned from his honeymoon to his father's bedside, which announced the news. The wedding of a daughter of the millionaire Graces was bound to be an important social event, and so it proved, just three weeks ago. No one dreamed that Mr. Greville would step into his father's shoes so soon, for although it was known that the late Lord Greville was about to have an operation it was not anticipated with any anxiety. Lady Greville, now the dowager, came to the wedding wearing an elaborate brown velvet gown, and she seemed more amused than anyone else at the antics of young Master Kerr, the small son of the bride, very proud of himself in a fur lined coat apparently worn for the first time. He kept taking it off and counting the buttons all through the ceremony.

The new Lady Greville is very fair and handsome. She and her sisters used to be called "the three Graces," a definition well deserved, for although Mrs. Kerr that was, is the best looking, the other two, one of whom is Lady Donoughmore, have also been greatly admired. The Grevilles are not rich, but what they lack in this world's goods they make up in distinction. The new peeress is well endowed and the story goes that her mother is making a further addition to her income. She is already spoken of as a future hostess. In the days when as a girl she used to help her mother in the festivities at Battle Abbey, all who went there were full of praise of her sprightly ways and her great thoughtfulness for their guests' comfort.

GREVILLES IN FAVOR.

Up to a year ago the new Lord Greville was only a younger son, his brother, Ronald Greville, being the heir; but Ronald died quite suddenly as the king was due to pay him and Mrs. Ronald Greville a visit at Polesden Lacey. Perhaps of all his majesty's pals, Ronald Greville was the one he cared for most, which means that the Greville family are all in high favor with the king. If it so pleases the new American peeress she can now take her place within the magic royal circle, a position not yet attained by her family.

People who met Madame Triano for the first time the other Saturday at one of the afternoon musical parties with which she is cheering London this winter came away saying, "What a charming woman! What is her nationality?" She has a goodly dash of Irish blood in her veins, being the daughter of the late Daniel O'Day, an enormously rich Irish American who was vice president of the Standard Oil company, and John D. Rockefeller's right hand.

Her parties are quite as good as Mrs. Ronald's were, but they are not so crowded and, therefore, more enjoyable. Everyone who is invited goes and those who are not beg to be taken, or scheme for cards. Lots of diplomatic people are there, but interesting individuals, especially those in art and music, get a warm welcome.

DOES NOT LIKE ROOSEVELT.

Santiago Perez Triano, her husband, the Colombian minister, shines in the reflection of his wife's glory when she entertains. He seems to believe in leaving her to the fore and sinking into the background to chat with a friend and discuss diplomacy or politics. If you want to hear him or indeed see him at his best it is when some unwary visitor introduces the name of the late president of the United States.

"Ye gods and little fishes," said a little American woman who had been singing at the Trianos the other afternoon. "I happened to say something nice about Roosevelt and it was precisely as though I held up the reddest rag in London to a bull. Senor Triano fumed and blazed and verily knocked me down with his vituperation against the ex-president. As if I could know they were enemies," she added.

Incidentally it may be said Madame Triano has the loveliest and most valuable ermine in this town.

Rarely do two important changes come slap bang together like those at the American embassy this week. Mr. William Phillips, who takes Mr. Ridgely Carter's place, is no stranger. He was here in the Choates' regime and is very well remembered. Most of the girls who used to say he was the nicest man they ever met in the embassy, fortunately for themselves have now arranged their futures. For with the news of Mr. Phillips' advent also comes the announcement of his engagement, which though not actually official is generally accepted.

TALENTED FIANCEE.

Miss Drayton, his reputed fiancee, is a daughter of Mrs. Ogilvie Haig, nee Astor. She should possess everything to fit her for the wife of the first secretary of any embassy. Her education has been brilliant. She is a good linguist and musician and, like the majority of American girls in her set, she has made a study of art and knows everything that is to be known about "old masters" and their works, and china. I have not seen her for several years so whether she has fulfilled the promise she gave of being pretty, it is impossible to say.

The other newcomer to the embassy is Mr. Hugh Gibson, who is to take the post of second secretary in the room of Craig Wadsworth. Mr. Gibson will have all his work cut out for him to follow in the footprints of the outgoing official, who was more sought after than any man in the embassy. It is said that he has had as many as 25 invitations by one post in the season and that from May to July he used to have to engage two private secretaries to keep up with his personal correspondence, quantities of which came from people whom he had never seen.

INDEPENDENT AMERICANS.

Smart American women here simply won't adopt the new coiffure at any price. At the theater, in the swell restaurants, at "at homes" and weddings you can always pick out at one glance the American women, who are one and all wearing their tresses to suit their own faces; nor have I yet found one arranging her locks as a chignon. It is to be granted that at all times the American woman is rather original in the matter of hair dressing. She discovers a style of her own which appeals to her and she sticks to it through thick and thin, sometimes adapting her own particular style to the prevailing mode. In the present case, however, she is adamant. This is why everyone is asking how long the latest vogue will last. It is generally accepted that another couple of months will find it at an end. I have been inquiring of a few Americans why it is they so steadfastly disapprove of the chignon. The reply is they dislike wearing pads.

"It is impossible, no matter what quantity of hair you have," said one, "ever to get a chignon right unless you wear a frame or some other abomination. I think half our success with men is due to the fact that we are not only natural in our manners but also in our appearance. We do not use half the artificialities that you Britishers do."

Another fashionable American said:

"I should no more think of wearing one of those huge tawdry bands of passementerie or brass ornamentations that French and London women are plastering round their hair than of arraying myself in a red Indian's headdress." Examples of those who stick to their own styles are exhibited in Lady Essex, Lady Alastair Innes Ker, Mrs. Coventry, Lady Greville, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Lady Paget, the Hon. Mrs. John Ward and heaps of others.

Every one of these women has a fashion of hair dressing unto her own self

"I should not feel I had any individuality left were I to arrange my hair like every other woman," said Lady Essex when discussing the much abused though universal chignon of Paris and London.

LADY MARY.

ENGLAND'S FARMER KING ALWAYS A PRIZE WINNER

Edward's Keen Personal Interest in His Land and Live Stock Tells at the Winter Shows Where His Cattle Always Carry Off the Highest Honors—Prize Stock Eagerly Bought by Breeders.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Dec. 22.—England is beginning just now its cattle show season and King Edward without doubt will repeat his former performances as a prize winner. He is an annual exhibitor at the Smithfield show, which is just over this year and he never emerges without winning 15 or more prizes and selling most of his exhibits, thus proving his right to the title of "The Farmer King."

Although King George III was lovingly known to most of his subjects as "Farmer George," the nickname was more the outcome of his dress and manners than the result of his interest in agriculture. With King Edward the contrary is the case.

Although acknowledged as one of the best, if not the best, dressed man in England, he still finds inclination and time to look after the condition of his well-stocked farms and to be represented at every important show. The fact that he usually retires a heavy prize winner is sufficient indication of the well-being of his stock.

His successes have been so remarkably consistent that cynics are wont to shake their heads and attribute them to his august position as ruler of the land. Nothing is farther from the truth. The king's exhibits are submitted by the judges to the same critical examination as those of the humblest farmer; and unsuccessful competitors have been the first to acknowledge the superiority of the king's cattle. His majesty never shows an animal he has not bred himself and the secret of his success is this thoroughness.

It is 40 years since King Edward took up farming seriously. His success was immediate and a vogue in royal southdown and shorthorns followed. The strain has never deteriorated and today his majesty's southdown and shorthorns are as famous as ever. Since ascending the throne weighty affairs of state have stepped in to limit the time the king may devote to farming and agriculture, but, in spite of his multifarious engagements, he still manages to continue to supervise the breeding of his stock. In the days before he was called upon to bear the weight of the monarchy the king used to devote his mornings to his Norfolk farms.

Sitting in his pleasant business room at Sandringham, he received and instructed his bailiffs and all others concerned in the management of his farms, which cover an area of more than three square miles. Yet in spite of the king's minimized attention his successes are as remarkable as ever. At Smithfield he always scores a triumph, generally averaging 15 to 20 prizes—an enviable record.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that there is considerable competition in the farming world in order to secure beasts which have been bred by the king. A year ago one of his shorthorn bulls, "Pride of Sunshire," after a short, sharp battle between bidders, was sold under the hammer for the long price of $2,100. This is but an instance, not a record. Picked bulls from among his majesty's Sandringham shorthorns have inspired long-headed breeders to buy them for fabulous prices. One such animal, destined for the cattle prairies of Argentina, brought the enormous price of $5,250 before the auctioneer's hammer fell; $2,500, $3,000 and $4,000 have also been paid for pedigree bulls from the king's farm. Another of his majesty's specialties is the breeding of shire horses. In this he takes especial delight and the results justify his interest.

Some of the finest examples of American horses have been bred from King Edward's stock. There is always keen competition when any of the king's shire horses find their way to the auction ring. At one sale 54 of his horses realized the high average of $1,120 each, which suggests the excellence of the animals, for it is proverbial that horse breeders do not throw their money away.

The king very closely follows the work of the Shire Horse society, and is a frequent visitor at the society's exhibitions. His display of technical knowledge when the horses are paraded before him shows how keen an interest he takes in that particular branch of the farmer's work. It was a shire stallion of the king's, Premvictor, that won, to his majesty's delight, the first prize in the International Live Stock exhibition at Chicago.

King Edward's pride in his successes is little to be wondered at, especially when one recalls the arid and neglected condition of the Sandringham estate before the king took possession of it and commenced the apparently impossible task of its transformation. In a report, submitted to his majesty by a well known agriculturist, occurs this statement of fact:

"It is very barren soil, barely capable of cultivation and unlikely to repay the enormous labor necessary."

The unimpeachable testimony of Rider Haggard, himself one of the greatest agricultural authorities in Great Britain, affords an interesting contrast.

"It is a wonderful farm," says the novelist, "for I imagine that nowhere is so much high-bred stock to be seen upon the same area; at least in all my extensive journeyings throughout the 26 counties in England of which I have examined the agriculture I have not found its equal."

A great deal of this remarkable excellence is due to the king's treatment of his servants. There is so much consideration, so much kindliness and so much genuine interest on the part of his majesty that they give him of their best in return. And the king's treatment of his cattle is proportionately sympathetic.

It is one of his rules that no carriage or draft horse which has been in his service, and has passed the margin of utility, shall leave it except through the kindly gate of death. He declines to allow them to be disposed of in a way which would leave their future treatment a matter of uncertainty. The royal horses, therefore, are kept until they are no longer fit for their duties, and then they are put out of their existence in the most merciful and expeditious manner possible. As a rule a specially constructed mask is adjusted by means of which a powerful dose of chloroform is administered, and the animal expires in a few minutes, quite painlessly.

Uriah Robbins, King Edward's herdsman, has been in the king's service just 30 years. He is a good-looking old fellow with a rosy rugged face, and seems born to crown a smock frock. He is immensely proud of his royal master's record and at Smithfield, last year, celebrated the fact that the king had won the sheep championship for three successive years, by entertaining all the Smithfield shepherds to supper.

"The king knows a good animal when he sees one," says Uriah, "and he never looks twice at an untidy one."

Although dog-breeding scarcely comes within the scope of the average farmer, it is interesting to note that some of the finest kennels in the country are to be found on the Sandringham estate. "The Farmer King" shows the same zeal in breeding and exhibiting thoroughbred dogs as he does in the more aspirative byways of farming. The king rarely stirs abroad without his mischievous little terrier, but at Sandringham he is much more ambitious. No variety comes amiss in its splendid kennels—pointers, setters, harriers, deerhounds, spaniels, bulldogs, foxterriers, St. Bernards, basset-hounds, Newfoundlands, retrievers, Esquimaux and Norwegian sledge dogs, and many other lesser known hounds. In this phase of his work as a farmer he has secured the co-operation of Queen Alexandra, who often makes a tour of the kennels accompanied by servants laden with baskets of biscuits, and feeds the dogs with her own hands.

No monarch in the history of England has better earned and sustained his right to the title of "The Farmer King" than Edward VII.

J. LANGLEY LEVY.

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Irish Politicians Planning For the Next Parliament

(Special Correspondence.)

DUBLIN, Dec. 22.—Now that the British budget has been thrown out by the house of lords and a general election is approaching Irishmen of all parties are asking what Ireland may expect to gain in the next parliament, and there is a surprising unanimity of opinion that the time has come for a union of all shades of opinion to insist on better treatment for Ireland. The impression seems to be held generally that whichever of the English parties wins will do so by a very small margin, and that the new government will be at the mercy of the Irish members of the house of commons.

In view of this the question of home rule becomes an urgent one. It is believed that even the Tory party would not be averse to granting Ireland a large measure of self-government, provided it were not called home rule, and that the so called Unionists of the north would not object if their sentimental objection to what they know as "separation" could be humored. Lord MacDonnell, a Unionist himself, has outlined a scheme, to which he believes the consent of practically everybody in Ireland could be obtained, for the establishment of an Irish national council with control over purely Irish affairs, with an Irish treasury responsible to it. This would not mean the withdrawal of the Irish members from the British parliament where they would continue to sit to safeguard the interests of Ireland in dealing with matters of imperial interest. The national council would have all the powers of a legislature, including that of the purse, and would be elected by popular vote. I have reason to believe that Lord MacDonnell has sounded a number of the leading Irish Unionists on the subject and obtained their approval to the general lines of some such scheme, and I am told that even the extreme Sinn Feiners would also agree.

NATIONALISTS' MISTAKE.

The tactical mistake of the Irish Nationalist party in not voting against the budget which would have borne so hardly on Ireland after all has had good results. Nationalist and Unionist local bodies and men of both political faiths have united in censuring the party and in the end a much better feeling has grown up all round. Even the Unionists now are convinced that the interests of Ireland are not safe in the hands of the British parliament and they are ready, I am told, to agree to some scheme of home rule, which would give them fair representation and still afford Ireland the protection which it would enjoy as an integral part of the British empire.

A most interesting report has been prepared by the royal commission which was appointed two years ago to investigate the working of the Irish railways, and although it will not be published for some time I am in a position to state that it will come out flat footed for the nationalization of the Irish railways. The proposal is that they should be purchased at a fair valuation and worked by a government department to be created for that purpose. The low price at which their stocks are selling now would favor such a project and would also justify the government in spending the money necessary to bring them up to date and make them efficient. The total capital invested in these railways is now $222,842,605 and the average dividend is 3.84 per cent. It is estimated that the purchase could be completed by a government bond issue of $290,000,000 at 2½ per cent, which could be exchanged for the scrip held at present by the share holders and debenture holders. The net receipts would be sufficient to pay the interest on these bonds and leave a surplus of $1,250,000 a year which could be applied to betterments.

QUESTION OF TIME.

The Belfast chamber of commerce has adopted a resolution approving a proposal to extend Greenwich time to Ireland. At present there is a difference of about 25 minutes between English and Irish time, and it is claimed that this causes a good deal of confusion and trouble to travelers between the two countries. All the railway managers on both sides of the channel are in favor of the change and the postal officials declare that it would greatly simplify their work.

NEW BRAND OF GHOST.

A bell ringing ghost has made its appearance—if the expression can be used with reference to a creature which no one has seen—at the house of the Rev. Father Tiernan, parish priest of Johnstown near Navan. The priest's house has long had the reputation locally of being haunted, but there is no record of any ghostly performances in the past. A few nights after Father Tiernan, who has just come to the parish, took possession of the house, he was awakened by the ringing of all the bells in the house. Thinking some one was ill he got up to investigate, but there was no one at the door and no one in the house knew anything about the bell ringing, although all the inmates had been awakened by it. The bell ringing was repeated night after night, and twice windows in front of the house were broken as if by a stone, but no stone could be found. This happened one night when two policemen were watching in the house and although they searched the neighborhood thoroughly they could find no one.

Two ancient bronze cooking pots and a cavalry saber have been dug up on Gubb Island in Upper Lough Erne, by a farmer named Owen Reilly of Killynebbern, Newtownbutler. The pots are undoubtedly of great age and one of them bears an inscription in characters resembling the ancient Ogham. The sword is supposed to be a relic of a great battle fought here between the Irish under Justin McCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, and the Enniskilleners under Colonel Wolseley. The Irish or Jacobites were defeated with great slaughter and 500 of them plunged into the Lough and were drowned, all but one man.

F. X. CULLEN.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Politeness to Servants and Even the Street Beggars.

From what we saw and from what happened to us I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions. If you are of the female sex never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat unless you are willing to have people stare at you and sometimes call after you. If you have red hair dye it or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen without exciting remark. Never wear glasses. If you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise always bow and say, "Buenas." This is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request. Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow or gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart.

These same beggars, who spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who besought Jean. Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who out of a crowd of medicants were the only ones to approach us who would take their dole with thanks or if we said "tomorrow" would smilingly back away at once.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life as we saw it in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid, with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escurial, for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country, so beloved by other tourists. So can any one wonder that to us Spain means Madrid, the city of marvelous contrasts?—E. C. Allen in Outing.